



A NEW SONG ON THE GRAND PROCESSION OF  
FATHER LAVELL  
ON HIS REMOVAL FROM PARTRY TO CONG  
ON THE 16 OF OCTOBER 1869

It was on a sunday morning from Cart's I did strey  
Going hant for reeration to Baltnrode I took my way  
I heard great acclamations which caused me for to stand  
The men & women were lamenting for their Clergeman.

As I advanced on farther I waited there some time  
To hear their conversation my steps I did decline  
The valley's ring the small birds sang in grief I heard them tell  
Our holy Priest is gone from us brave Father Patt Lavell

Now Father Patt is gone from us what will we do moreover  
Will he ever come back again or will we be alone  
Will he ever come back again unto his leveing flock  
To preach to us the heavenly words that is taunted on a rock,

Now Father Patts procession that day as he went on  
The bands did play along the way as he drew near to Cong  
The birds again did sound his am- mor than my pen can tel  
The roads were seen all dress'd in green to welcom brave Lane

When our Lord approach'd Jerusalem they the palm before him  
threw  
The laws' of old as we are told came th Mesiah for to view  
They threw of their hats & hankercheifs to we com home their  
King  
It was much the same do not me blame his praises for to sing.

Now as he pass'd through Baltnrode the people did him hail,  
Their shonts did reach unto the skyes as he pass'd by the way  
Each great bonefire you admire as they did pass along  
They rais'd the green all to be seen as they arriv'd at Cong,

Now our Peiest he is safe landed we thank our heavenly king  
We hope the Lord will pour a blessing glad tidings bring  
We thank our God upon the sea the Cromelians are almost  
nomore,  
Since we can have such processions round the shamrock shores

